

Little Rodney

Brother Ali

sura fatiha; islamic prayer*

translation:

Bismillahir Rahmanir Rahim

english:

In the name of Allah, the Most Beneficent, the Most Merciful

translation:

'Al-Hamdu lillahi Rabbil-'Aalamin

english:

Praise be to Allah, Lord of the Worlds,

translation:

'Ar-Rahmaanir-Rahiim

english:

The Beneficent, the Merciful.

translation:

Maaliki Yawmid-Diin;

english:

Owner of the Day of Judgement.

translation:

'Iyyaaka na'-budu wa 'iyyaaka nasta-'iin.

english:

Thee (alone) we worship; Thee (alone) we ask for help.

translation:

'Ihdinas-Siraatal-Mustaqiim-

english: Show us the straight path,

translation:

Siraatal-laziina 'an-'amta 'alay him-

english:

The path of those whom Thou hast favoured;

translation:

Gayril-magzuubi 'alay him wa laz-zaaallin.

english:

Not (the path) of those who earn Thine anger nor of those who go astray.

eh yo limb vak twisted broken mutilated carcass

living in a harness

guards all watch us towers with the tonnes of firearms and they hoist us

shoot to kills marksmen, keep

food make you nauseous

yall gat your floors but they sleep us in sheet just to keep us exhausted

mixed in the monsters

divided and conquered

where the hard hearted and lawless are highly guarded

chance to touch knowledge

chance for em to torture

these bars are between you and your roots and your culture

eat sleep shit sweat hardship

a godless society is garbage

twisted mission accomplished

bars and now sorrows are all that we armed with

heart disconnected punching walls with a raw fist, potent

between the villian hell and the coffin

do the death rattle in the metal maze you lost in

boxed in and dropped in a hole and forgotten

frozen till the core of your soul feel rotten

name is now numbers

just know your fellow convict love you brother ali

peace,

little rodney

hook

say if yall tryna talk bout the horrors you seen
tell your stories through me and feel free
if yall tryna talk bout the horroes you seen
tell your stories through me
trapped and locked in the belly of the beast
just like malcom, martin
solomon and jesus the last great prophets
may never give atleast a penny over
any beef got you stabbed in your sleep
plus you have to keep... look out for the captives they do it
they masters of deption and they tragic with they deeds
its madness that you speak of innocence and guilt
in a prison that was built just to generate some wealth
facilities, they building industries withing themselves, they out earn two t
hirds of anything they sell
they... in the 13th amendment give them hell
when they filling the demand of men and women in them cells
system stay in business cos the children that they fail
gettin ill when they drillin out a living for themselves
hopeless they send them in as their feeling prevails
they stealing killing slinging steady feeling up them jails
ha ha